You that did voyd your rhume upon my beard,
And foot me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Over your threſhold: moneyes is your ſuite,
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a Dog money? is it poſſible,
A Curre can lend three thouſand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſſe
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day another time,
You call'd me Dogge: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on the againe, to ſpurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends: for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if hee breake, thou mayſt with better face
Exact the penalty. *Shy.* Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyt
Of Vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me:
This is kind I offer. *Ant.* This were kindneſſe.

Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhew:
Goe with mee to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle Bond, and in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
Expreſt in the Condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile ſeale to ſuch a Bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a Bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.

Ant. Why

Ant. Why feare not ma
Within theſe two months, t
This Bond expires, I doe ex
Of thrice three times the va

Shy. O father *Abram*,
Whoſe owne hard dealings
The thoughts of others; P
If he ſhould breake his day,
By the exaction of the forfe
A pound of mans fleſh take
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitab
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes
To buy his favour, I extend
If he will take it, ſo, if not
And for my love I pray you

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I w

Shy. Then meet me fort
Give him direction for this
And I will goe and purſe t
See to my houſe left in the
Of an unthriftie knave, an
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
The Hebrew will turne Ch

Baſſ. I like not faire ter

Ant. Come on, in this t
My ſhips come home a mo

Enter Morochus, *a tawny*
followers accordingly, w

Moroc. Miſlike me no
The ſhadowed Livery of t
To whom I am a neighbou
Bring me the fayreſt Creat
Where *Phabus* fire ſcarce
And let us make inciſion fo
To prove whoſe blood is re
I tell thee Lady, this aſpec
Hath fear'd the valiant; (b

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAN